

MARVEL®  
13th Apr 91

# THE REAL

NO148 45p

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# GH<sup>OST</sup>BUSTERS™

COME  
HERE, MY  
TREASURE!



ISSN 0954-9404



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We sink to new depths in this week's edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**. Discover an underworld of the watery variety in a veritable treasure trove of a story entitled **Screaming Davy Jones!** Peter Venkman is pretty confused, but he'll fathom it all out, that's for *shore!*

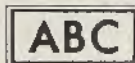
It's all go for Peter this week since in our first story, he gets invaded by a possessive poltergeist. Ray gets that shrinking feeling again when he has to try to find the spook before he reaches Dr Venkman's soul in a terrifying tale called **Inner Space Spook!**

To keep things on the spooky side, we present for you the third thrilling instalment of **Samhain Chanted Evening!** The Hallowe'en Demon has captured Janine Melnitz and Louis Tully, and **The Real Ghostbusters** are up against one of their most powerful adversaries. And that's apart from all your other regular favourites, so get stuck in!

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Cover by STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS  
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



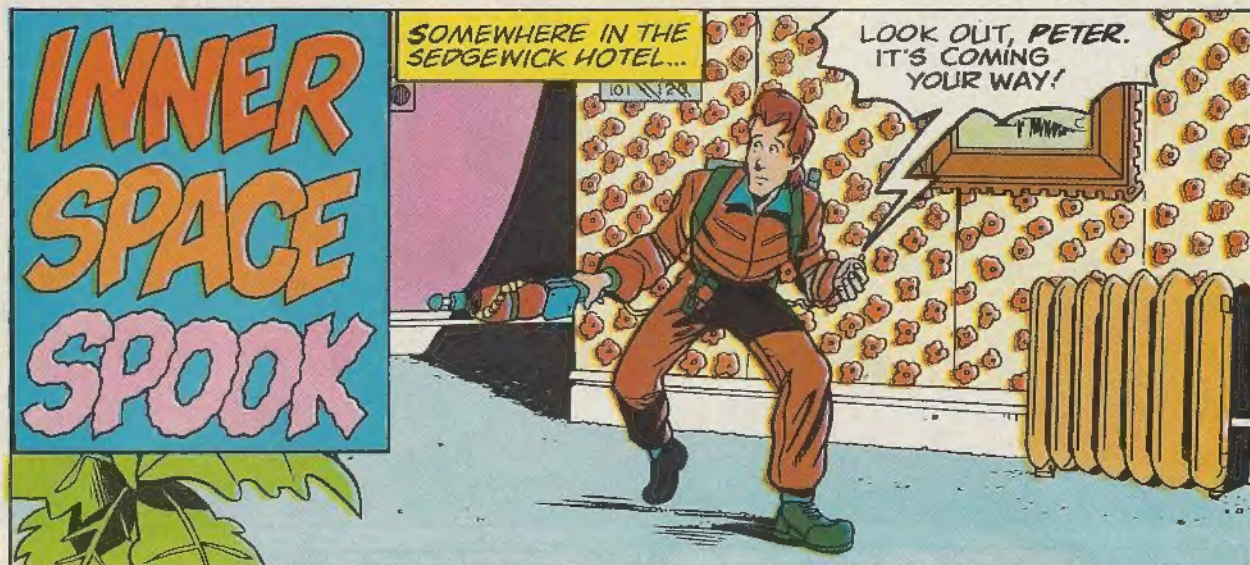
JANINE  
MELNITZ



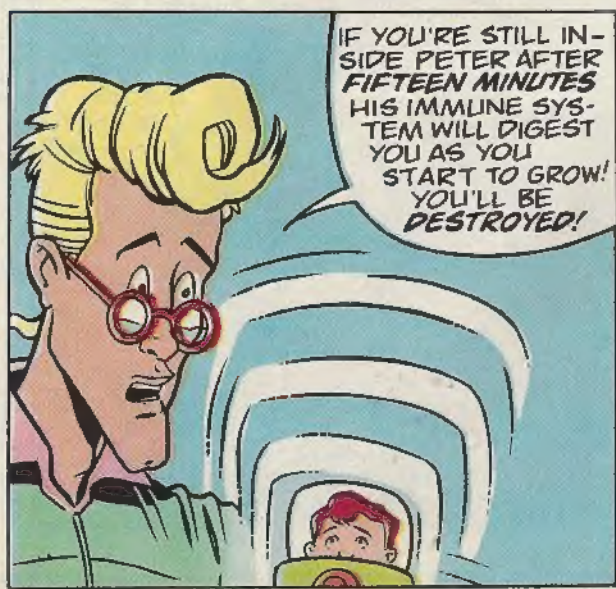
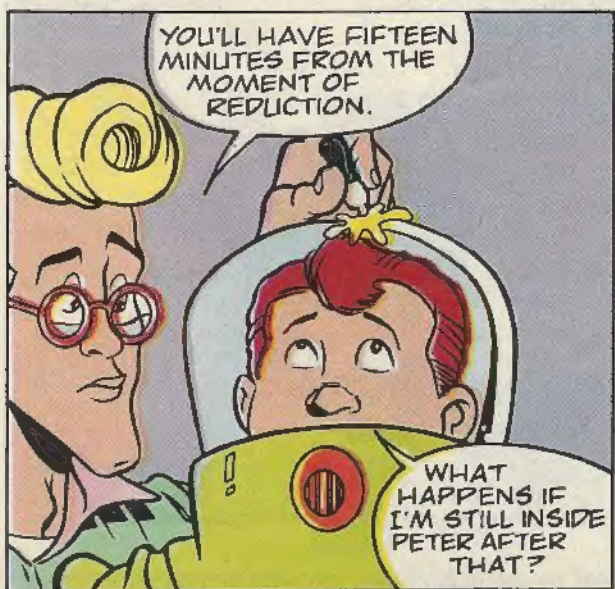
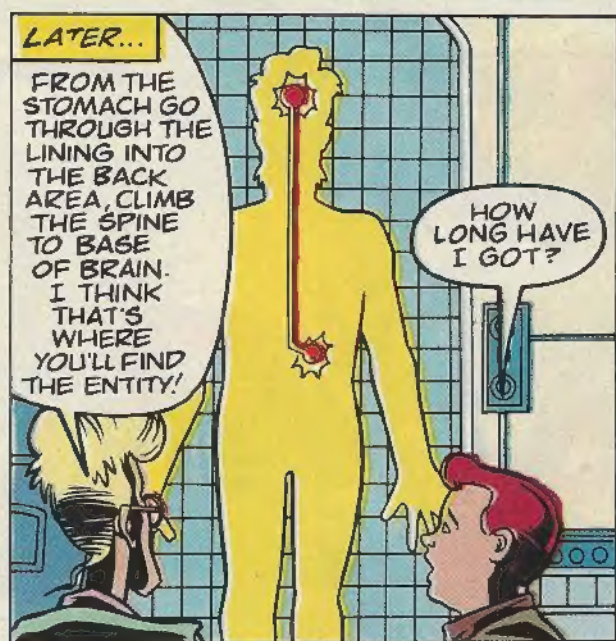
SLIMER



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



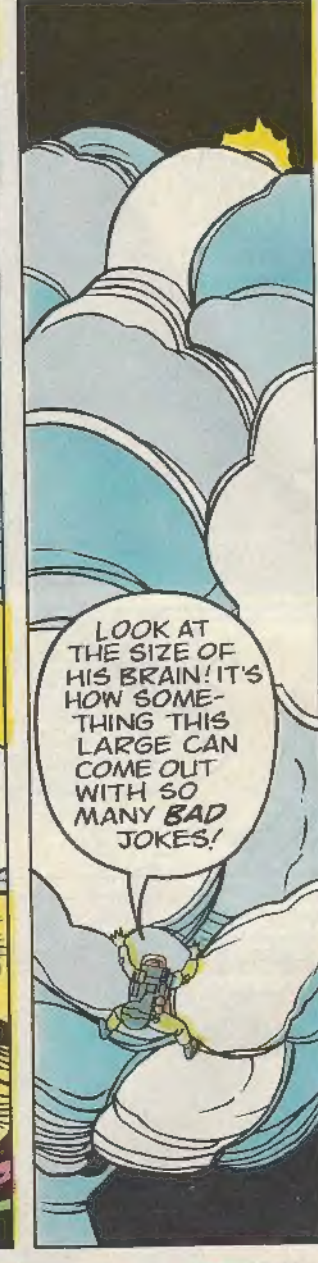




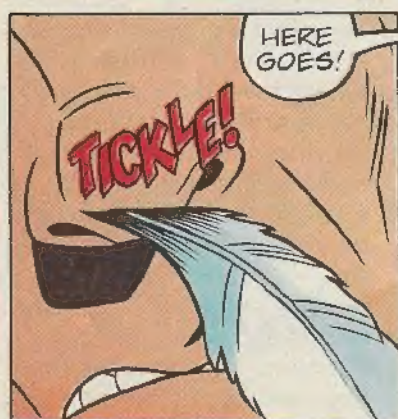














# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Things popping out of boxes is something of an occupational hazard for us Ghostbusters. Many's the time we find a Class six in the bread bin, an animated skeleton in the ottoman, a post-moribund apparition in the second packing crate from the end, behind the fork lift, labelled 'Soft-pith Kumquats - no sudden jerks'.

Frank Yupmonkey of the Carbody Institute in Oslo has done a great deal of work in this area, and made many important discoveries concerning ghosts and their predilection for small or enclosed spaces. Indeed, so important has his research been that last year he was awarded the **Gumpuggly Andersquirt Nobsock Prize** for outstanding paranormal experimentation in a small cardboard box, the **Rant-wang Clipshodder Award** for profound academic endeavour in a picnic hamper and the **Spatz Rent Lodgewad Bursary** for making notes whilst hanging upside down with his head in a pedal bin.

Yupmonkey's most impressive findings concern the so called 'S' quotient, that he believes all beings gain when they pass over into the Supercosmos at 'death'. For your information, I'll supply a quick summary of this theory here.

Yupmonkey postulates, apologises, clears it up and then reckons that ghosts



## PART 148

get this thing called the 'S' quotient where 'S' is surprise. 'Quotient' is more difficult to spell than ramp and 'the' is the word we put before them both. More simply expressed in the form of a pie chart, 'S' would be the crust, 'quotient' would be the raspberry filling and 'the' would be little burnt bits around the edge. Let us look at it another way. Turn the comic upside down, poke your tongue out and hold your eyes wide open with your thumb and forefinger. In the form of a quadratic equation, 'S' is the long bit, 'quotient' is the funny greek squiggle and 'the' is to the left of the equals sign. Converted, to a hexadecimal digit system, 'S' becomes quotient, 'quotient' becomes a small

## GUIDE

gazelle with a centre parting and 'the', like moonlight, becomes you and goes with your hair.

What Yupmonkey is saying is essentially this, in a nutshell. In a nutshell, it is difficult to turn round and tie up your shoe laces. What he's also saying is ghosts develop an uncanny ability to surprise people, and also get an overwhelming urge to do it all the time. Surprise, the 'S' quotient, becomes the be all and end all of their non-existence. They crave dark places like cupboards, wardrobes or treasure chests to curl up in and lie in wait, ready to explode out and scare the bejabbers out of any passing human. Thus, the 'S' quotient may be expressed as the point at which any passing human becomes any passing out human.

Why do ghosts like scaring the jaggly boblights out of us? Yupmonkey says that this is for them the last word in enjoyment. Which is, clearly, 'ment'. He is already working on a device that will counteract the aura of the 'S' quotient in all astral bodies, but unfortunately the prototype of this 'De-S-ing' device has several rather unfortunate design flaws. But once Yupmonkey has stopped it melting the paint off cars and worrying sheep, I'm sure it will spell the end of things popping out of boxes. That's end, spelt 'E-N-D'.



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STENCH, DECOMPOSING MANTA  
MEN— HE IS THE ALL  
CONQUERING**

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AND HIS STENCHOIDS



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FOUL STENCH  
HAS GOT ME!!**

**... AND MY MANTA MEN  
TOO BY STENCH SPITTING  
MUTANTS**

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stench enclosed in  
egg, with decom-  
posing Manta men.

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plungers to squirt stench.

Stinkhorn's Evil  
Stenchoids, Stench  
spitting mutants set to  
terrify Manta men.

# MANTA FORCE™



# SCREAMING DAVY JONES!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS



## The Real Ghostbusters have plenty of adventures on air, land and sea, but in their baths . . . ? No way!

**T**he first thing that Peter knew about it, a fish was nibbling the end of his nose. He gave a yelp, then tried to look cool, then realised the fish was swimming in front of his face and that couldn't possibly be right.

"I'm dreaming, right," said Peter to himself, "I had one pizza too many and then fell asleep in the bath. Pinch me someone. Get me out of here."

The fish looked on, then darted away with what looked like a scaly shrug of its fishy shoulders. No help there.

Worried by this turn of events, Peter looked around. He seemed to be on the sea bed – wherever that was – but there was his rubber duck, trapped in some seaweed, and a bar of soap lay at his feet. A crab was attacking his very own loofah, believing it to be some sort of strange meal, no doubt. What was going on? "Hello," gurgled Peter, realising quickly that he was also breathing underwater, "Is there anyone out there with an explanation for all this?"

The sea was silent. "Hmm. Playing hard to get, eh?" With that, he started to walk along the seabed, admiring the sea anemones flowing backwards and forwards in the undersea currents. The incredible variety of fish that swam past him without so much as a "How do you do", or "Oh dear, I'm so very late," led him to a trail of very valuable-looking gold doubloons on the sand at his feet, which the Real Ghostbuster blinked at. "It's a trick," said Peter. "No-one could be that lucky." He blinked again. The coins were still there, looking shiny and new, as if they'd just fallen into the water. This wasn't surprising, considering gold is a remarkably stable element, Peter told himself, and one very unlikely to corrode except under the most extraordinary set of circumstances. "Oops, starting to think like Egon," he grinned. "Now I *know* I'm dreaming!"

Despite this, Peter picked up one of the coins, examined it – Spanish, it seemed – and put it in his pocket. Hey, thought Peter, that was strange. If he'd been in the bath, how

come he was now in this Real Ghostbusters outfit? Well, he could figure that out later. Where there was a trail of gold coins there was bound to be a place where they ended and perhaps there would be answers there. Failing that, he would be very rich at the bottom of the sea with nowhere to buy a Ferrari. Life is hard and then you – Peter stopped thinking in that direction and started to follow the coins.

He decided not to pick anymore up in case he needed to find his way back to where he'd first 'woken up'. Winston would have approved of that, Peter told himself, but that thought didn't make it any easier not to pick up the gleaming coins. After avoiding a number of hungry-looking sharks, Peter suddenly heard a strange singing. "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho ho and a bottle of rum" came a scratchy voice from over the next bed of coral. There, in front of Peter was the twisted figure of what was once a man, sitting by a huge chest stuffed with the same gold coins Peter had found. He was cackling with glee as he counted the money. "Three million two hundred and three, three million two hundred and four."

"Excuse me, pal," said Peter, "but do you know where I can get a bus home around here?"

"Now you've made me lose count!" shouted the skeleton-like figure, turning furiously on the Real Ghostbuster. "Don't you know it's rude to interrupt?"

"Hey, I'm sorry," Peter replied. "It's just that meeting someone counting gold coins at the bottom of the sea when I was in the bath not five minutes ago – well, it makes me a little talkative."

"Typical mortals, no manners," replied the figure. Then it grabbed Peter by his arms and gave him a piercing hollow eye socket look. Deep inside the skull of this thing, something glowed red. "You're not with Long John Silver's mob, are ye matey? Davy Jones would like to know!"

"Davy Jones? *The* Davy Jones? So this must



be – "Peter pointed at the chest.

"Davy Jones' Locker, yes!" snapped the figure, doing a little hornpipe dance. Then he grabbed Peter again. "Ye didn't answer me question, matey!"

"Er no, I'm not with Long John Silver. Look, no parrot."

"Ha. It would be just like them though, to try to worm their way into my good books sending me a messenger with no parrot. I can't stand the birds, you see. Wooden legs make me twitch a bit, too." With that he kicked Peter hard in both shins. "Oow!" squeaked the Ghostbuster. "Will you cut that out?"

"Ah, so no wooden legs either," cackled Davy Jones. "Well, you must be dead then and this is where you've ended up. You should be more careful in the bath you know. If you spend too much time in it, the worst kind of things can happen."

Peter gulped and looked around. "Egon was moaning about the amount of time I spent in the bath," he started to explain, "but I didn't think this was one of the dangers."

"Aaah, you see? Do you know the statistics for the number of domestic accidents that happen in the bathroom?"

"No, I don't," admitted Peter.

"Neither do I," replied Davy Jones. "But I reckons you've suffered one."

Davy padded up to his locker, then looked carefully at Peter, who started to feel very worried. "Well, since you're here for the duration, matey, you'd better help me count these coins. It's a bit boring doing it on my own, yessiree. Some pleasant company would come in 'andy."

"Sounds a bit boring to me," said Peter, backing away. "What happens when we've done that?"

"Why matey, 'tis Armageddon time!" shouted Davy, slamming down the locker lid with a terrible thud. "For when Davy Jones shall finish counting the treasure of the sea, then the world shall end."

"I didn't know that," said Peter.

"Ah well you wouldn't, matey, I just made that up last week. Still it would be good fun!"

"Are you sure this wasn't some weird sort of trick on your part just to get some company?" asked Peter. Davy looked sheepish for a skull. Suddenly there was an incredible banging sound from nearby. "'Tis Long John Silver, thumping his way across the seabed on his wooden leg!" screamed Davy Jones. "Quick mate, help me hide me locker!"

"Maybe some other time," said Peter. "I think I'm getting out of here!" With that, he started to run back the way he'd come, following the trail of gold coins.

BANG, came a dreadful sound. Peter thought he heard someone calling his name. "Come back!" shouted Davy, waving his arms in fury as the banging got louder and louder. "I was only joking about Armageddon. I know a good ice cream parlour just off the Azores, and –"

BANG BANG BANG! "Peter!" The Real Ghostbuster woke with a start and sat up in the bath. "Are you all right?" shouted Egon through the door. "We've just had an accidental leakage in the Ecto-Containment Unit. Anything happen to you?"

"No, no, I'm fine," said Peter, wondering why he was in the bath in all his clothes.

"Well, get out of the bath then, it's my turn," said Egon. "You've been in there for hours. What were you doing, day dreaming?"

Peter put his hand in his pocket and closed it around a gold Spanish coin. He smiled and winked at his rubber duck.

"Perhaps," he replied.





# UNCLE MCSLIPPERY SLIMER

What happens when all The Real Ghostbusters have come down with the flu and there's a very urgent emergency call to respond to? Well, since Winston and Peter are confined to bed, Ray has lost his voice and Janine and Egon have both got high temperatures and the coughs and sneezes, the only person (if that is the word for it) is Slimer. With a cry of 'This ghosty-whoisty is history-wistorey', Slimer was off to deal with the unknown – or maybe the not-so-unknown.

Slimer arrived on the scene to find a swooning homeowner, a table full of half-eaten food (this was sounding familiar), slime on the stairs (hmm) and the tell-tale gobble, slurp, munch sounds of a Class three Free-Floating Caledonian. When The Real Ghostbusters did eventually turn up, everything was in order. Slimer had met up with his Uncle McSlippery Slimer from the high-wigh-lands of Scotland! 'Don't tell me,' said Peter. 'I suppose he just flu in!'





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NO 5  
APRIL / MAY

# THE **REAL** GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER

PACKED  
WITH  
PUZZLES!



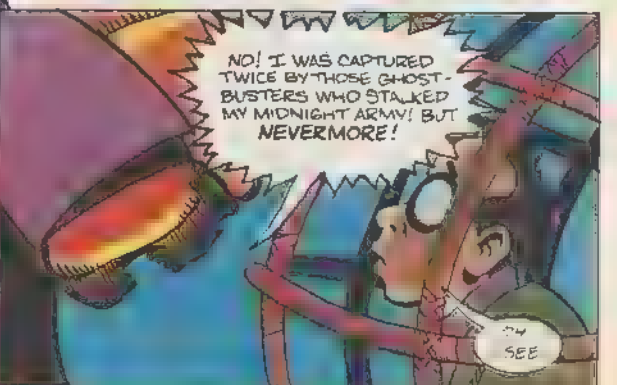
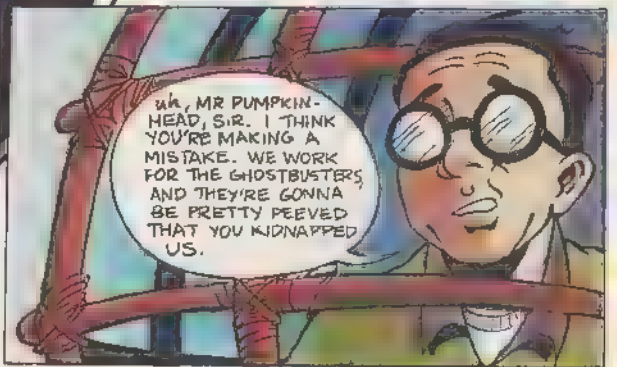
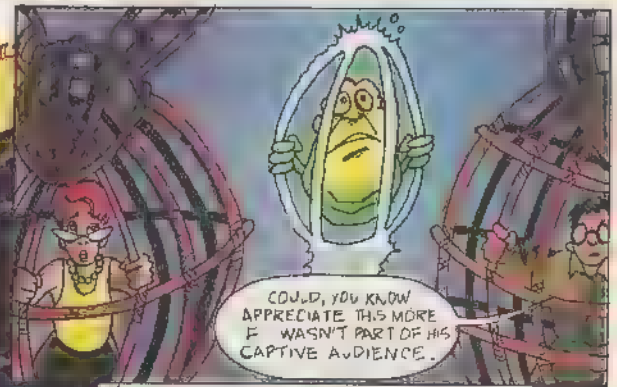
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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE **28th MARCH**




# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Three: The Real Ghostbusters have returned from a trip to the Earth's core to find that New York has been taken over by Samhain and Louis and Janine are his captives.



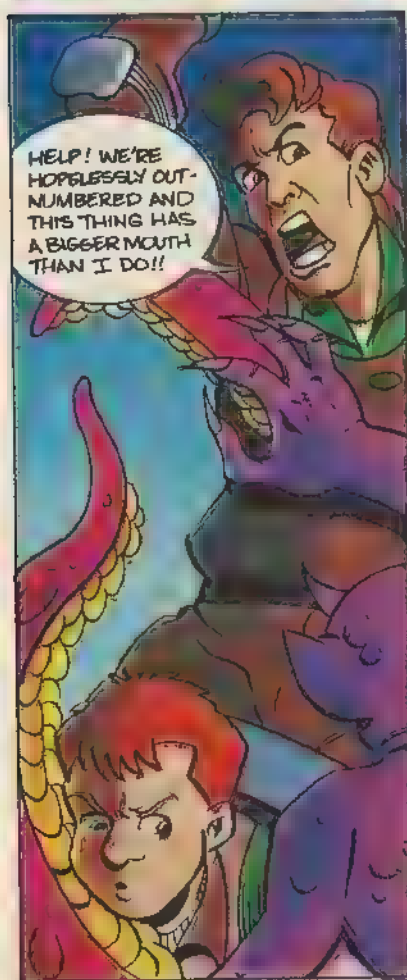
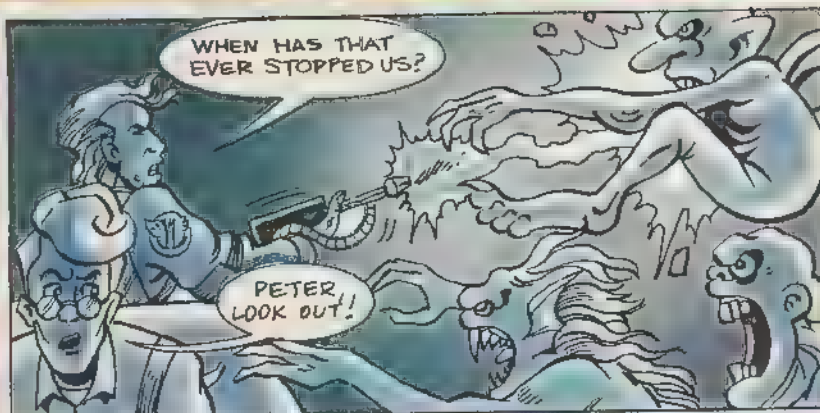
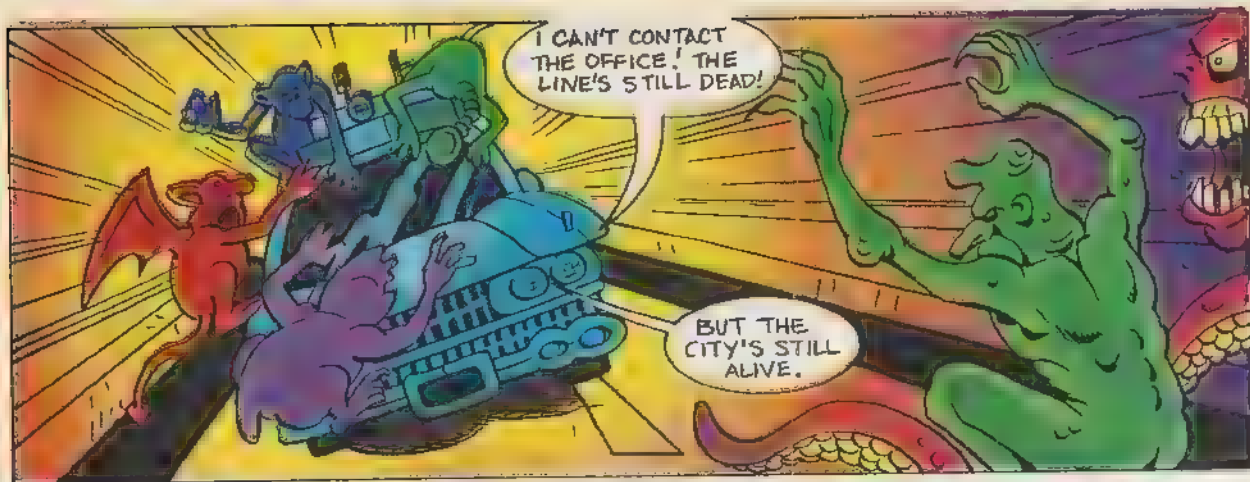




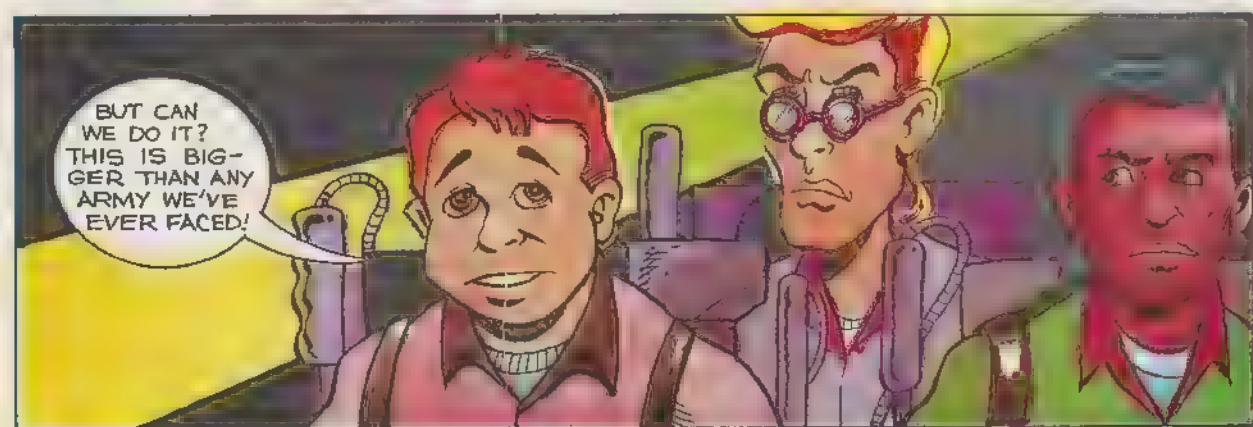
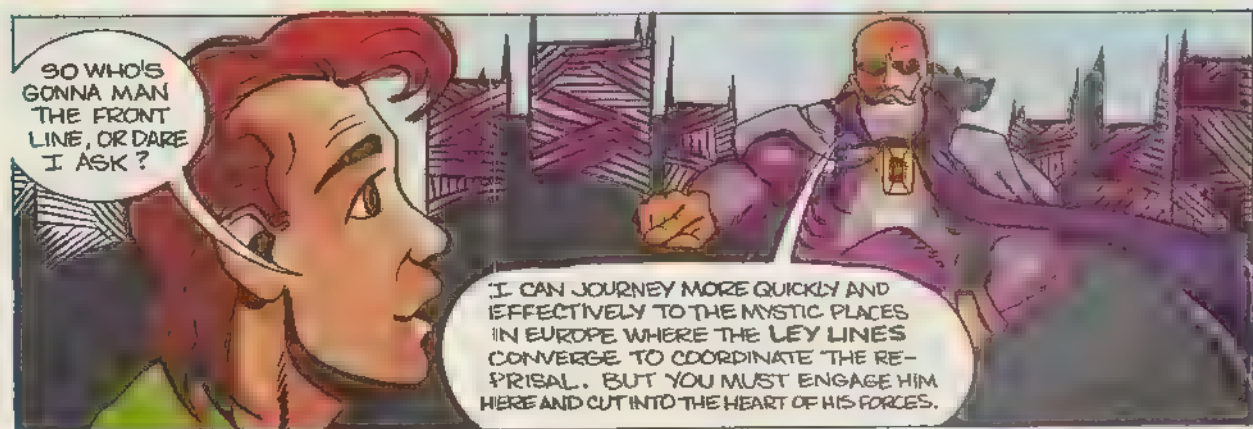
IN THE NAME OF THE DRUID  
GOD, MUCK OLLA, I CALL  
IN THE NAME OF THE DRUID  
GOD, MUCK OLLA, I CALL UPON  
THE POWERS OF ETERNAL NIGHT  
TO STALK THE WORLD IN THIS  
FINAL AND ETERNAL FESTIVAL  
OF SAMHAIN!

ACROSS THE WORLD, THE SKY  
TURNS BLACK, BUT THERE ARE  
THOSE WHO RECOGNISE WHAT IS  
TRULY HAPPENING. THEY GATHER  
IN SELECT MYSTIC PLACES AROUND  
THE WORLD, PREPARED TO BATTLE  
THE FORCES OF NIGHT. IN GERMANY  
THEY MEET ON THE MOUNTAIN KNOWN  
AS THE BROCKEN. IN SWEDEN  
AT THE BLACKSBERG. IN FRANCE  
IN THE FOREST OF ARDENNES.  
IN ENGLAND AT STONEHENGE.

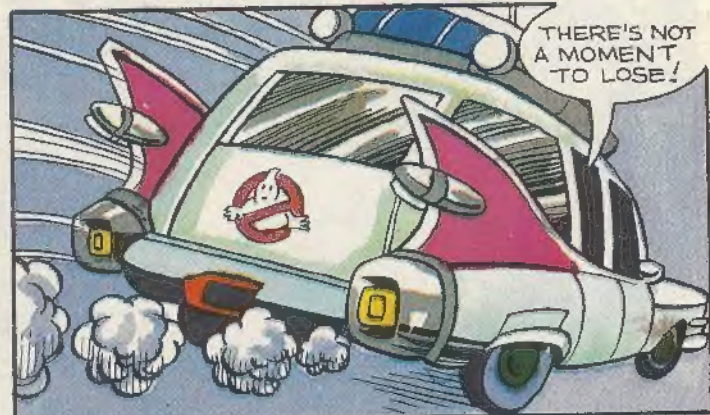
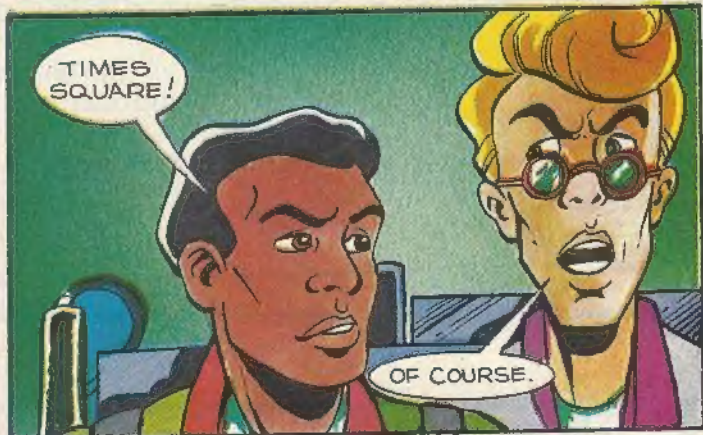
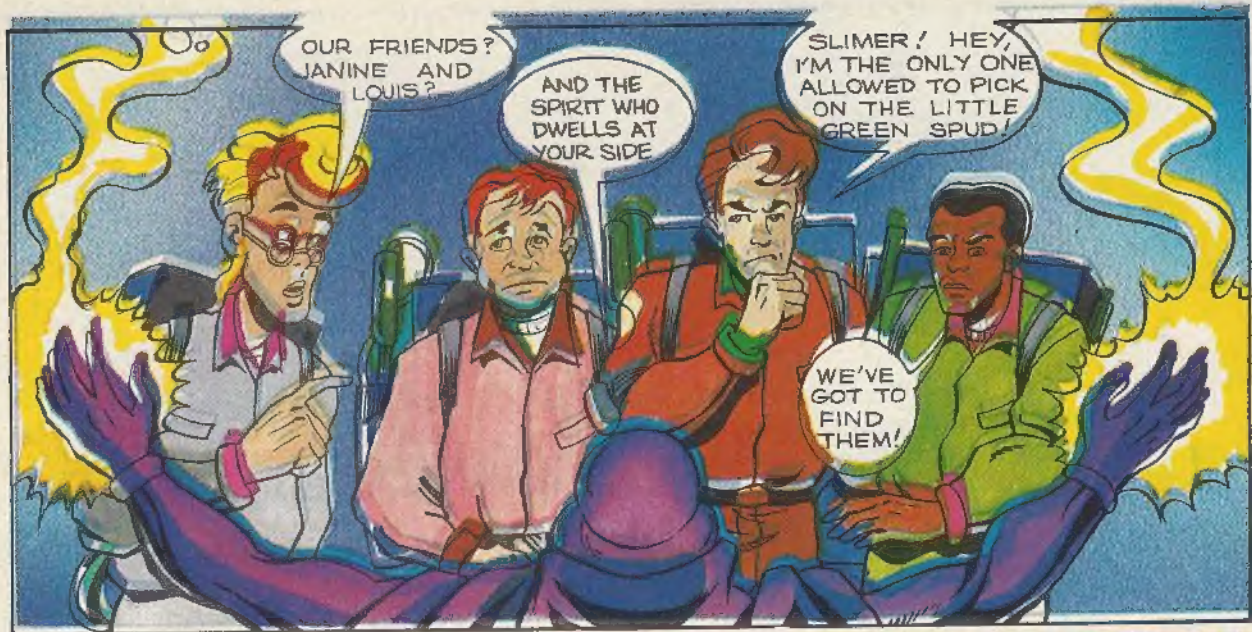














# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
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What did the ghost guard say?  
*Who ghosts there!*  
– Dawn House School,  
Rainworth

What film is all about crime in the ocean?  
*The Godfather!*  
– Simon Heywood, Rainworth.

What do you call twin ghosts who keep ringing doorbells?  
*Dead ringers!*  
– Matthew P, Rainworth.

Man: Doc, can I have something for all this wind?  
Doctor: Here, have a kite!  
– Daniel Egerton, Worcester.

Why did the tomato sauce blush?  
*Because it saw the salad dressing!*

What's a horse's favourite TV programme?  
*Neigh-bours!*  
– Anon

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**LATE KNIGHTS ARE BAD FOR YOU!**

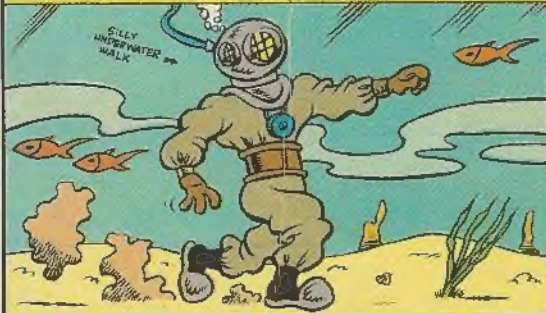


**IN JUST 7 DAYS**

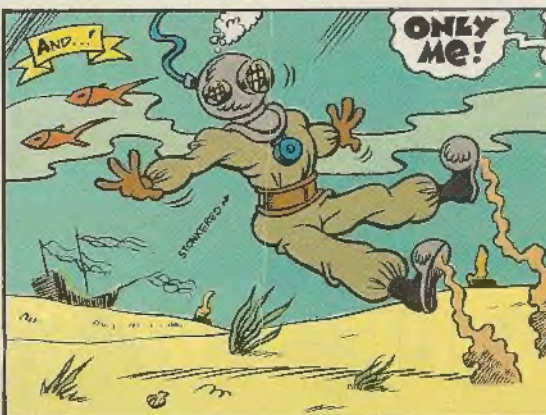
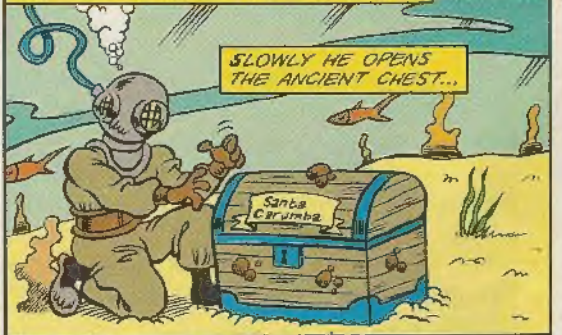
**BLIMEY!  
IT'S...**

**SLIMER!**

DEEP BENEATH THE DARK AND DANGEROUS OCEAN WAVES, A LONE DIVER MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH SHARK INFESTED WATERS. HE SEARCHES FOR THE LOST TREASURE OF THE SANTA CARUMBA!



AT LAST HE SPIES A BARNACLED TREASURE CHEST. COULD THIS BE THE FABLED RICHES OF THE LONG LOST SANTA CARUMBA?



BAMBOS!